THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 13, 1800.

Obſervations on the Giant's Cauſeway, in the County of Antrim, Ireland; by Morriſon, Architect.

THE Giant's Cauſeway is about eight miles N. E. of the town of Colerain. The ſea-cliffs contiguous to the Cauſeway are particularly high. You approach it by a narrow path, and a long dreadful precipice almoſt impaſſable; every image which preſents itſelf has ſomething uncommonly grand and magnificent: above you the impending rocks to a timorous fancy threaten inſtant ruin; around you the ſea preſents immenſity, unleſs where the ſhores of Scotland ſuggeſt the idea of a world ſet at a proper diſtance for contemplation; and below you the dreadful precipice produces an effect of inexpreſſible ſolemnity.

The Cauſeway is a low head, extending from the head of the cliffs into the ſea, like a mole, conſiſting of a great number of polygonical cylinders, or pillars, ſo cloſely united that the edge of a knife cannot be inſerted between their adjacent ſides. At firſt view, this head did not appear to me ſo grand as I expected from the drawings I had ſeen of it; but when I came to walk on it, and conſider its plan and ſituation more attentively, it appeared a ſtupendous production of nature, extending from the bottom of the cliffs into the ſea, but to what diſtance has never been aſcertained: at low water, the length of it appears to be 600 feet, its breadth in one place 240 feet, the narroweſt 120 feet: it is very unequal likewiſe in its height; in ſome places it is 36 feet high from the level of the ſtrand, and only 15 feet in other places.

The pillars, of which the Cauſeway is formed, ſtand moſt of them perpendicular to the plane of the horizon; yet the contexture of them is ſo adapted, that there is no vacuity between them. I could not diſcern whether they run under ground, like a quarry, or not. Some of them are very long, others ſhort, and ſome for a large ſpace are broken of an equal height; ſo that their tops make an even plane ſurface. Many of them imperfect, crooked, and irregular; others entire, uniform, and handſome; and theſe of different ſhapes and ſizes. I found them almoſt pentagonal or hexagonal, a few excepted of ſeven ſides; and many more pentagons and hexagons, but they were all irregular; for none, that I could obſerve, had their ſides of equal breadth.

Theſe pillars are ſome of them 15, and ſome 18 inches, and ſome of them 2 feet diameter; none of them are one entire ſtone, but every pillar conſiſts of ſeveral joints or pieces, as I may call them, and the whole are jointed as cloſe as it is poſſible for one ſtone to lie upon another, not jointing with plain flat ſurfaces; the upper ends of moſt of the pieces are concave, the lower ends convex, the prominences of which are nearly quarters of ſpheres with rims round them. The length of each of theſe pieces which compoſe the pillars is 6, ſome 12, 18 inches, and 2 feet, and eaſily ſupported, though ſo united in all appearance. When I parted them aſunder, both concave and convex ſuperficies appeared very ſmooth, as are alſo the ſides of the pillars which touch one another, being of a whitiſh freeſtone colour, but a much finer and cloſer grit;—when I broke ſome pieces of them, the inſide appeared like a blackiſh iron-grey, ſomewhat like the beſt lime-ſtone marble before it is poliſhed, but of an extraordinary hard, cloſe, and compact texture; their grit or grain ſo very even and fine, that it hardly appears but where the ſtone is newly broken; then it ſhews itſelf on its ſurface like a very minute, ſmall, gliſtening ſand, thickly interſperſed with the reſt of the ſolid, and this (by reaſon of its parts being ſo finely combined together) has more ſpecific gravity than moſt other kinds of ſtone.

I muſt obſerve, that in my opinion the curioſity of this place is much increaſed by the ſtones of which the pillars are compoſed, being the irregular rather than the regular figures of geometry; as it is much more difficult to ſuit the ſides of polygonals together than of ſquares and triangles; the latter being done eaſily, by putting together two triangles equal to the ſquare. And I have obſerved the moſt ſurprizing analogy between the ſchemes of Euclid, and thoſe drawn here by

by " nature's hand." I perceived in ſome of the ſtones the ſcheme of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th propoſitions of the fourth book of Euclid, wherein an ordinate pentagon was inſcribed; about it was circumſcribed a circle; in another I obſerved a cylinder circumſcribed about a cone. There is nothing more ſurprizing than the piles of rocks here compoſed of a vaſt number of polygons, the external angles of each exactly ſuiting that made by the adjacent figures, and ſome riſing like a flight of ſtairs to a conſiderable height.

At a ſmall diſtance from the Cauſeway you diſcover in the impending cliff, to the S. E. one large pile of thoſe polygonal figures, ſo ſituated and united as to appear really to be what is commonly called the Giant's loome or organ, as in perſpective it reſembles either; another on the ſummit of the precipice, has ſo much the reſemblance of the chimnies of a houſe, that it is ſaid, that ſome ſhips of the invincible armada, miſtaking it for a town, in their approach to it ſplit on the rocks.

From obſerving at low water the rocks ſtretching a great length into the ſea, and that there are ſimilar ones on the oppoſite coaſt of Scotland, ſome have been led abſurdly to imagine that there was formerly a deſign of uniting the kingdoms by means of this Cauſeway; a notion pregnant with folly. Others, from obſerving rocks in the precipice or cliff ſimilar to thoſe in the Cauſeway, have imagined that the ſea by undermining has brought down thoſe rocks; but there really is no foundation for the remark, there not being any great ſimilarity between the ſtones in the Cauſeway and precipice; and the pavement of the Cauſeway extends along the ſhore, where it could not have fallen from the precipice: Nor can we from any degree of reaſon attribute to a chance fall a phenomenon ſo regular, ſo perfectly connected, and ſo extenſive. Others again, with a ſuperior diſplay of penetration, endeavour to account for the figures of the ſtones from the chryſtallization of ſalts. This they found, I ſuppoſe, on the doctrine of the Abbe Collet, who, in his lectures on experimental philoſophy, ſays, " That every ſalt, when chryſtallized, generally affects a figure which is proper to itſelf, and which probably depends on the figures belonging to its ſmalleſt parts; ſea-ſalt, for example, forms cubes; ſalt-petre needles; ſugar globules, &c. &c."

For my own part, I think it moſt reaſonable to imagine, that nature, which purſues infinite diverſity of plans, forming ſome things for the uſe, others for the pleaſure, of

mankind, has left this and ſuch like curioſities as perpetual ſubjects for our admiration, that from obſerving the wonders of the viſible creation, we might be led to ſublimer contemplation of their inviſible Creator: and as Democritus philoſophized amongſt the rocks of Abdera, were a man of reflection to confine his whole obſervation to this Cauſeway, and attentively to conſider it, he would find himſelf ſurrounded by pregnant proofs of the divine wiſdom and power. Indeed all works of human art muſt ceaſe to attract our admiration if compared with this. Not the army of Xerxes, with an Archimedes to direct them, could form any thing ſo wonderfully great, ſo uniformly various.

I ſhall conclude with obſerving that the uſual attempts to explain the origin of this phenomenon appear to me very abſurd; it has its name from the ignorant credulity of the unlettered and ſuperſtitious vulgar; cauſes, often, of more abſurd errors.

The LITTLE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE DROVER.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

HAVING rambled to the junction of the two roads upon Chalk-hill on the ſultry morning of July 24, 1797, I reſted until a boy, trudging and ſinging at a great rate, came up to me. "Come along the old road, Sir," ſaid he, "it is a *mortal* ſight nearer, and I ſuppoſe you are thinking which to take."

I found my companion a moſt famous little chatterer, not much above three feet high, and fifteen years of age. He told me he had been to Smithfield with ſome ſheep; that he went every week, and had thirty miles to walk before night. His ſrock was compactly bound up, and tied acroſs his ſhoulders. The ſtraps of his ſhoes formed a ſtudied croſs below the buckles, which he took care to tell me had coſt him nine-pence in London the Saturday before. Turnpike tickets were ſtuck in his hatband, noticing the number of ſheep he had paid for: and the laſh of his whip was twiſted round the handle, which he converted into a walking-ſtick.

I ſoon found, though ſo ſmall a being, he was a character of no ſmall conſequence upon the road; and he told me, any returned chaiſe or tax-cart would give him a lift for nothing. He was familiar with every one we paſſed; and whiſpered a laughing, or rather ſerious, ſtory of a poor girl who

who had put too much faith in man, and who looked conſcious that he was ſpeaking about her. He wanted no hints to make him loquacious; and thus his buſy mind unfolded itſelf.—" Now, Sir, do you know, I have a very good maſter; and he promiſes, if I behave well, to make a man of me. When I went to live with him, I was a poor ragged half-ſtarved pariſh boy, without father or mother, or never had any as I know of. I have now two better coats than this (which, by the bye, was complete ſhreds of darn and patch-work), and I have a ſpick-and-ſpan new hat I never had on but Whit-Sunday laſt: and I am to learn too (proudly ſtretching himſelf and bruſhing up his eye-brows), my maſter ſays, to write; but he has told me ſo ſuch a *mortal* while I fear he will forget it." I aſked him if he could read—" Aye, in the Teſtament. I have almoſt finiſhed the Goſpel according to St. John; and I can repeat the Lord's Prayer and Belief too"—the latter of which he ran over as quick as poſſible, and aſked me if he had miſſed a word.

We kept tripping on, and met a poor forlorn creature, an infant faſtened to her back, and two ſweet children, toilſomely dragging upwards. Thoſe who know how ſteep and long the hill is, and on a ſcorching day, would ſenſibly feel for a ſuffering fellow-mortal, nearly worn out from wretchedneſs and fatigue. She had my mite in an inſtant; and in a flood of tears told us " her huſband had juſt been tranſported from Birmingham to Botany-bay, and ſhe was trying to reach her pariſh." I endeavoured to leſſen her tale of woe by the beſt words my God had empowered me with; and my little drover too plaintively ſaid, " Poor woman! if my breakfaſt had not coſt me eight-pence this morning, I would have given you a half-penny." On our bidding her a farewell, a ſilence for a few paces enſued, when he ſtopped me ſhort, and aſked me, if I had ever ſeen " ſuch poverty diſtreſs before;" and that it made " his heart quiver again." I told him there was a great deal of miſery in the world, and how happy it was for him that he had lit upon his legs in having ſo good a maſter. With a perfectly-recovered countenance he ſaid, " I am a happy lad." I then told him he might have ſpared the poor woman a halfpenny. " Ah! but I have only ſeven-pence half-penny left to carry me home." On enquiring how his breakfaſt could coſt him eight-pence? " Why, I called at Dunſtable to get ſome bread and cheeſe and a pen'worth of beer. Some hot rolls and butter looked ſo nice I could not keep my eyes off;

and

and ſo the landlady aſked me if I would have ſome tea. I was too hungry to refuſe; and, as I was to pay a deal of money, I made her a hard bargain, for I ate a *mortal** quantity."

The native ſimplicity with which he delivered himſelf made him riſe rapidly in my good opinion; and, as we paced on, he repaid every nod he received with manifold intereſt. We were paſſing a public-houſe at Hockley in the Hole, where he ſaid he often "baited," but he liked my company ſo well, if I would let him, he would go on with me. Seeing two women come out of the houſe, and beckon to him, I perſuaded him to go to them: and I left them in the midſt of life and joke, in which the merry noiſe of my hearty little drover was pre-eminent; and as I was turning a corner which took me out of ſight, he ſhrilled out, "God bleſs you!"

A RAMBLER.

* As almoſt every one uſes a particular word, *mortal* was little Trudge's emphatical favourite.

Grateful Notice of Lieutenant Ouſeley's gallant Conduct.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1800.]

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

IN Auguſt, 1798, when the French under Humber invaded Ireland, Lieutenant Ouſeley commanded a detachment of the Leiceſter fencibles in the action at Caſtlebar, which his example* inſpired with ſuch firmneſs and intrepidity, that, while the army to his right and left (a few Highlanders excepted) ſhamefully gave way, not a man of his evinced the ſlighteſt diſpoſition of timidity. However, after a bloody reſiſtance, a ſuperior force broke his little phalanx, moſt of whom were inſtantly killed, or made priſoners. Thus ſituated, he ruſhed into the midſt of the enemy, crying out to the remainder of his party, "Prince of Wales's, to the bayonet, boys, to the bayonet!" and at the ſame time laying about him† with ſuch rapidity and ſucceſs, that he cut his way

* General Lake's addreſs to the commanding officer of the Prince of Wales's, at Ballaghaderrien camp, September 4, 1798.

† Hibernian Telegraph, September 5, 1798.

way quite through the enemy's ranks‡; but in getting over a fence he was made priſoner; thence, after a few moments reſpiration, he diſengaged himſelf by a *coup de deſeſpoir*, and came off (though covered over with ſweat and blood) with very little injury—*lupus fuit canibus, & cæſim curſimque evaſit;* holding in one hand a bayonet, and in the other a reeking ſcymitar, with which, to my knowledge, he inflicted many a deadly wound.

This ſoldier (to whom I am ſtill unknown), though the enemy was cloſe on his rear, afforded me all the aſſiſtance he could. On approaching where I ſat bleeding on the ground (whence I could diſtinctly hear or ſee moſt of the tranſaction), he raiſed me up; and, while he was in the friendly act of helping me over a wall (being unable to render myſelf the leaſt aſſiſtance), the enemy forced him from his kindly office; three of whom, however, he laid by me mortally wounded.

Mr. Urban, "I was in miſery and he helped me." To whom, then, ſhould I declare the humanity of this ſon of Mars but to you? Or through whom can I convey my high ſenſe of gratitude to him ſo well as through you, who art the eye, the ear, and the tongue, of the world.

W. H. JOHNSTONE.

‡ Sligo Journal, September 1, 1798.

Report of the Commiſſion of Arts, to the Firſt Conſul, Bonaparte, on the Antiquities of Upper Egypt, &c. from the Cataracts of the Nile to Cairo, &c.

By RIBAUD, Librarian to the Inſtitute of Egypt.

THE two moſt eminent travellers who have written on Egypt, are Granger and Pococke. The firſt, who was a Frenchman and a phyſician, viſited this country in 1730, and from the information and authenticity of his work, it is to be regretted, that it was not extended to a greater length.

The ſecond, however, is the moſt learned of them all; and his deſcriptions approach the neareſt to truth. Almoſt every thing which he wrote himſelf is good; while the drawings which he cauſed others to execute are very inaccurate.

But the difficulties which theſe travellers experienced, vaniſhed before the Inſtitute of Egypt, which was eſtabliſhed, protected, and foſtered by Bonaparte. The ingenious perſons

ſons who compoſed it were reſpectively eminent in every neceſſary branch of ſcience and art. They conſiſted of architects, mathematicians, engineers, geographers, draftſmen, and claſſical antiquaries. They were alſo accompanied by a portable library, and a general apparatus; and when they approached any place which was an object of reſearch, a camp was formed for them, where they poſſeſſed all the comforts of accommodation, with eaſe, leiſure, and ſecurity. They were encamped during twenty-five days on the ruins of Thebes. This reſidence, from the number of perſons employed in the commiſſion, was equivalent to that of an individual, during the ſpace of two years. They diſcuſſed on the very places the different opinions that directed their attention to the patient examination of the temples, palaces, and their general effect, with the more minute detail of the ſculpture, baſſo relievos, and ſubordinate decorations.

We ſhall gratify our readers with the following extract:—

"The monuments of ancient Egypt evidently prove, that every thing in that country was done for Gods and for Kings. Five immenſe palaces, and 34 temples ſtill remain; while the only private habitation that could be diſtinguiſhed, was ſo encumbered with rubbiſh, as to offer a very imperfect notion of its original deſign.

"A temple, among the Egyptians, was a vaſt volume unfolded to receive their reſpect and adoration. Hence it is, that all places conſecrated to religious worſhip are adorned and inſcribed, both within and without, with pictures and holy maxims. Theſe are ſeen alſo under the porticos, on the columns in their lower rooms, on the walls of ſtair-caſes, and in the ſubordinate apartments.

"Let us recur to the time when the pious Egyptian entered his place of worſhip: the multiplied images of his Gods ſurround him; the coloſſal baſſo relievos preſent themſelves to him; wherever he turns his eyes, the holy laws, and the ſacred explanation of the myſteries which he adores, appear every where around him. At the ſame time, the ſtrong and glaring colours which are diſplayed in the paintings, contribute to inflame his imagination; while a dim, religious light, increaſes that fear which heightens the ſpirit of his adoration.

"Aſtronomical ſubjects are engraved under the porticos, and in the veſtibules of the temples; as if the prieſts thought that a regard for the ſciences was the beſt preparative for the duties of religion.

"The temples of Denderah and Eſmé are the moſt recent edifices; and the zodiacks which decorate their ceilings, repreſent the ſtate of the heavens at the diſtance of 4800 years from the time when we behold them. What people is there who have been ſo devoted to aſtronomy, and rendered it ſuch ſolid homage, in preſerving through ſuch a long courſe of years the reſult of their obſervations?

"The eternal duration of their monuments was the object which the Egyptians propoſed in erecting them; and twenty of their temples are ſtill ſeen in as high a ſtate of preſervation as the moſt modern of our ſtructures. Their ſtrength is, indeed, favoured by the climate, which is not calculated to injure, much leſs to deſtroy them.

"Egypt is the cradle of architecture; the monuments which are ſtill ſeen there, have attained the principal object which is propoſed by this art—they produce aſtoniſhment.

"The ſolidity with which they are ſometimes reproached, is connected with ſtrength; and hence it is, that after a period of ſix thouſand years, we behold theſe gigantic buildings.

"The elegance of proportion, the grace of detail, beauty, harmony, and general reſult, are enchanting in the Greek orders. The boldneſs and lightneſs of the upper parts pleaſe in the Gothic edifices: maſſiveneſs and ſolidity are impoſing in the monuments of the Egyptians.

"When they firſt erected a column, they appear to have had no other object than to place the cup of the lotus upon its ſtem. It was an homage offered to the plant, which, from their firſt eſtabliſhment, had furniſhed, to the new coloniſts, a wholeſome and abundant ſuſtenance.

"No traveller, before us, had remarked the reſemblance of the Egyptian columns to the different productions of nature; and, nevertheleſs, thoſe who erected them, employed their utmoſt ſkill to render the imitation perfect. On the baſe of the column they engraved, in a circular form, the leaves of the nymphea, or water-lilly, and gave to the part of the ſhaft neareſt the capital, the form of a bundle of the ſtems of a lotus.

"They afterwards extended this love of imitation to other productions of the vegetable kingdom, and they repreſented the bud of the ſame plant, with the head of the date tree; and among the ornaments of ten different capitals, they have deſigned the branches of the fan palm-tree, and the flowers of the nelumbo.

" Certain points of conformity between the architecture of the Egyptians and that of the Greeks are very apparent. The latter appear to have firſt adopted, without the leaſt alteration, the columns raiſed on the banks of the Nile; but they ſoon brought them to their preſent perfection, by the power and influence of their admirable taſte and genius.

" The plan of their moſt elegant temples is alſo taken from the ſmall peripteral temples of the Egyptians.

" Thus is the ingenious fable of Vitruvius deſtroyed, who attributes the origin of architecture to an imitation of the wooden cabins, which were inhabited by the moſt ancient people of Greece."

TOM CORYATE,

An original British Traveller.

[From Pennant's Indoſtan.]

I Muſt not quit this place without dropping a tear over the grave of poor Tom Coryate, the moſt ſingular traveller Britain, or perhaps any other country, ever ſet forth. He lies on the banks of the ſhore near Swalley, where he finiſhed his long peregrinations in December, 1617. Tom was born in 1577 at Odcombe, in Somerſetſhire. After publiſhing in 1611 his moſt laughable travels, ſtyled Coryate's Crudities, prefaced by above forty copies of verſes by the waggiſh wits of the time (amongſt which is one in the ancient Britiſh language), he ſet out on his greater travels.

In his European travels he tells us, that he walked 1975 miles in one pair of ſhoes, and had occaſion to mend them only once. On his return to Odcombe, he hung them in the church as a *donarium* for their bringing him ſafely home to his native ſoil.

Encouraged by Sir Paul Pindar, whom he met with at Conſtantinople in 1612, he ſailed to the Levant, viſited Greece, Troy, Smyrna, and Egypt; made his pilgrimage to Jeruſalem, had his arm tattooed with the mark of the croſs, ſaw the Dead Sea, from there got to Alexandrette, from thence to Aleppo, arrived at Nineveh and Babylon, reached Iſpahan. From thence he proceeded to Candabar, Lahor, and Agra—there he entertained the Great Mogul with an eloquent oration in the Perſian language, ſo much to the content

content of that monarch, that he beſtowed on him a hundred rupees. Having a wonderful facility in languages, he had a trial of ſkill with our Ambaſſador's laundreſs, the greateſt ſcold in all Agra! Tom attacked her in her own tongue, the Hindoo, at ſun-riſe, and ſilenced her by eight o'clock in the morning; He now haſtened to the concluſion of all his travels; he deſcended to Surat, where he was ſeized with a flux, that was increaſed by a treat of ſack, given him by ſome Engliſh merchants. He was a very temperate man, but could not reſiſt a favourite liquor ſo unexpectedly falling in his way. More of him may be ſeen in Mr. Terry's voyage, printed in 1655, a book of much entertainment. But here poor Tom fell in 1617, and here he lies beneath an Indian ſoil.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

For September, 1800.

A Peace between Germany and France may be conſidered to be almoſt ſettled, as the armiſtice between thoſe countries has been prolonged for forty-five days from the 21ſt of September, a ſuſpenſion of arms which the Emperor has bought at the high price of giving up the fortreſſes of Ulm, Philipſburgh, and Ingolſtadt, to the French. The Firſt Conſul has *graciouſly* ſignified that he will permit England to be a party in a general peace, on condition of her agreeing to a naval armiſtice, which would give France the ſame advantages which the Emperor enjoys by the continuation of the Continental truce. On this ſubject negociations are ſtill carrying on, and the iſſue is not yet known.

Bonaparte has written a letter which has been publiſhed at Genoa to the Ligurian nation, wherein he tells them, that he has received their letter of the 7th of July, and read it with that intereſt which he feels in the Ligurian nation. He aſſures them the French people will never forget the proofs of attachment they have received from the people of Genoa. He informs them they had juſt eſcaped from a dangerous criſis. He willingly employed his influence to place at the head of the government thoſe men in whom the Ligurian people repoſed ſo much confidence after the convention of Montebello. He exhorts them to entertain no apprehenſions reſpecting their future liberty and independence, and to repoſe the moſt unlimited confidence in the French republic.

The French, it is reported, are placing their fleet on a moſt reſpectable footing. All the veſſels which are in the port of Breſt being now armed, they will be very ſoon in the Road. Being apprehenſive of an attack upon Breſt, they have made ſuch formidable preparations for defence, that if it ſhould be attempted by a *coup de main*, they will give the aſſailants a very warm reception. The cannons of the batteries are always loaded; the coaſts are in the beſt ſtate of defence; their veſſels are drawn up in two lines; eight three-deckers form a part of the firſt, and preſent an impregnable battery. One thouſand pieces of cannon are mounted upon the points on which an enemy would be likely to make an attempt. The entrance is defended by batteries, and veſſels cannot enter more than two a-breaſt. Bernadotte has his head-quarters at Landerneau.

EGYPT.

This unfortunate land is doomed ſtill to feel the viſitation of French treachery. Kleber was concluding a treaty for the evacuation of the country, when, on the 14th of June, he was aſſaſſinated by an Aga of Janiſſaries, who approached him under pretence of delivering a petition. The murderer was immediately apprehended, and being tried on the 17th by a ſpecial and ſecret commiſſion, confeſſed that he had been hired to perpetrate this crime by the Grand Vizier: he was condemned to be impaled. Such is the French account, which is too abſurd for the groſſeſt credulity: The Vizier could have no intereſt in deſtroying a General who was on the point of leaving the country, but Bonaparte and all his adherents had many cogent reaſons for deſiring the death of Kleber; and the Grand Vizier points out with clearneſs and force the topics on which his acquittal reſts, in the following paragraph of his proclamation in anſwer to the calumnies of the enemy: "Of what utility can the death of Kleber be to us? His place is filled by another General, as that General's would be by a third. The exiſtence of one individual more or leſs cannot influence the lot of Egypt. But Kleber had as many enemies in France as in Egypt. He had given his opinion againſt the invaſion of this province, and the majority of the thinking part of his troops had adopted it. Others ſaw him with pain at the head of the army. They dreaded his return to France, and the reports he would make there. They found it was uſeful to deſtroy him, and convenient to accuſe the Sublime Porte. Frenchmen! Suffer not yourſelves to be ſeduced by a calumny as impu-

dent

dent as abſurd. It is among your countrymen that you muſt ſearch for the true authors of the aſſaſſination of your General—It is upon them you are to take vengeance for his death, if you lament his loſs."

Kleber was buried with great ceremony, and ſucceeded by one Menou, formerly diſmiſſed from the cuſtoms of France for fraudulent practices: he has taken the name of Abdallah, and profeſſes the Mahometan religion. It is vaguely reported, that he alſo is dead of the plague or by poiſon.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Miniſters have received intelligence from General Sir James Pulteney, from before the harbour of Ferrol, on the 27th of Auguſt, where the General ſays he determined immediately to make a landing, with a view, if practicable to attempt the town of Ferrol, being certain, if he found either the ſtrength of the place or the force of the enemy too great to juſtify an attack, that in the landing there was no conſiderable riſk. The diſembarkation was effected, without oppoſition, in a ſmall bay near Cape Prior; the reſerve, followed by other troops as they landed, immediately aſcended a ridge of hills adjoining to the bay; juſt as they had gained the ſummit, the rifle corps fell in with a party of the enemy, which they drove back. He had to regret that Lieutenant-Colonel Steward was wounded on the occaſion, and has ſince died of his wounds. At day-break, on the morning of the 26th of Auguſt, a conſiderable body of the enemy was driven back, ſo that the Britiſh troops remained in complete poſſeſſion of the heights which overlook the town and harbour of Ferrol; but from the nature of the ground, which was ſteep and rocky, unfortunately this ſervice could not be performed without loſs; the firſt battalion of the 52d regiment had the principal ſhare in this action. The enemy loſt about 100 men killed and wounded, and 30 or 40 priſoners. "Seeing," ſays the General, "and comparing the difficulties which preſented themſelves, and the riſk attendant on failure on one hand, with the proſpect of ſucceſs, and the advantages to be derived from it on the other, I came to the determination of reimbarking the troops, in order to proceed without delay on my further deſtination."

The Engliſh had 16 rank and file killed, and 59 rank and file wounded.

All that we know of the further deſtination of the armament, is that it proceeded ſouthwards, and on the 30th of Auguſt reached Vigo, out of which Bay the boats of Sir

John

John Borlaſe Warren's ſquadron cut La Guerre, a French privateer of 20 guns. Here they were joined by the detachment from Cork, conſiſting of Hompeſch's mounted riflemen, and a brigade of guards; and ſetting ſail from thence, anchored in the bay of Gibraltar. The further deſtination alluded to by the General is probably the defence of Portugal.

Letters from various parts of the kingdom contain diſtreſſing accounts of riotous aſſemblages of the people, for the purpoſe of enforcing a reduction of the price of grain, and in ſome inſtances to puniſh thoſe perſons to whom the late advance had been aſcribed. The bakers and millers have in general been ſufferers. At Norwich, and ſome other places, the populace ſurrounded the mills, and ſold the meal at 2s. per ſtone. At Poole, Sheffield, Hereford, Derby, Nottingham, Worceſter, Hinkley, Mansfield, Romſey, and Southwell, the interference of the military was found neceſſary to reſtore order. Numerous perſons have been taken into cuſtody.

Not even the metropolis has eſcaped a tumultuous aſſemblage of the people; for on the 15th of September, in conſequence of ſome inflammatory hand-bills ſtuck upon the Monument the preceding evening, a great crowd of the populace aſſembled in Mark-lane, and inſulted a Quaker; and late in the ſame evening, a party of theſe miſguided people proceeded to the houſe of Mr. Ruſby, of Temple-Place, Blackfriar's-road, who had been found guilty of regrating, threatening to deſtroy his houſe and furniture, which they were endeavouring to put in execution, when they were ſtopped by the volunteer corps. About the ſame time, an attack was made on the houſe of Mr. Weaver, a reſpectable cheeſe-monger, in the Borough; the animoſity againſt him probably aroſe from the circumſtance of a quantity of periſhed cheeſe and hams having been conveyed from an uninhabited houſe in the neighbourhood, which, however, it ſince appeared, had been ſpoiled during a long voyage from Embden.

About midnight, ſeveral riotous perſons aſſembled in Whitechapel, threatening the deſtruction of ſeveral bakers. The windows of one baker in Church-lane were broken to pieces; as well as thoſe of two others in Brick-lane. Money was extorted from ſeveral perſons; but the appearance of the peace-officers, with the Tower Hamlet militia, and other corps in different directions, had the happy effect of diſperſing theſe people; and about five in the morning, the ſtreets were quite clear.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 16th of September, the drum of the volunteers at Batterſea beat to arms in conſequence of an aſſembly of the populace, who were proceeding to a mill in the vicinity of the village, to wreak its vengeance, but who, after perſiſting ſome time, were diſperſed by the volunteers. Some apprehenſions of diſturbance were entertained at Camberwell, and about Vauxhall, as well as at Millbank, where there are conſiderable granaries; but timely meaſures were taken to prevent the miſchief. Several tradeſmen have been very ſeverely, and, we make no doubt, very unjuſtly, ſtigmatized and inſulted during this commotion. A great many unfavourable appearances were diſplayed on the 16th of September; but by the activity and exertions of the civil power, aided by the parochial and other aſſociations, happily no miſchief of any moment occurred. The Lord Mayor of London has deſervedly acquired great credit and popularity by his activity and ability in preſerving the peace of the metropolis. We truſt, by his laudable endeavours, and thoſe of other well diſpoſed perſons, that peace is now completely reſtored.

A mob is our abhorrence; its rage is not only wild and miſchievous, but it is blind, and as likely to be directed againſt the innocent as the guilty. But while we expreſs ourſelves in ſtrong terms againſt theſe diſorderly proceedings, we muſt add, that it is incumbent on Government to take ſpeedy meaſures for the redreſs of the grievance complained of,—the enormous price of the neceſſaries of life.

ON MODERN PUFFS.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM an old man, and have been, for many years, an obſervant inmate of this great metropolis, but during the paſt ſpace of my life I have never remarked any enormities ſo tremendous as thoſe of the preſent day. I have been, Sir, a ſpectator of the various warlike, and indeed formidable, appearances of our volunteer corps in Hyde-park; I have beheld the full charge of an aſſociation without diſmay; nay, I have counted the firing of the Tower guns, and never ſtarted; yet, I declare, I have of late been moſt completely frightened at the appearance of a ſimple piece of paper, adorned with capital letters, on a dead wall, and have often at firſt ſight of it fallen into a cold fit of the ague. Thoſe nefarious

farious papers I have afterwards diſcovered to be no more than ordinary advertiſements, though the terrific capitals a top occaſioned me ſo much uneaſineſs.

For inſtance; could I imagine that a hoſier's appeal to the public would begin with the momentous word INVASION? Or that a ſhoe-maker would commence his liſt of cheap articles with THE ARMY? My attention is thus forcibly arreſted in the ſtreets, and while hunting out the imaginary cauſe of alarm, I have neglected my perſonal avocations. Some time ago ſeeing the word FRENCH at the extremity of a bill in this manner, the love of my poor country alone induced me to put on my ſpectacles; but how was I aſtoniſhed, on peruſal, to find it no other than the paltry puff of a confounded Swiſs teacher.

The other day, another diſappointment of the ſame kind chanced to me. During the preſent ſcarcity of flour, and dearneſs of that grand article, my ſpirits were exhilarated by the five letters which compoſe the word BREAD, flaming and large; an indication, as I ſuppoſed, of its being conſiderably fallen in price; but what was my wrath when I found it to be merely an attractive invitation to cheap clothing—breeches, waiſtcoats, and ſuperfine kerſeymeres, ſelling at prime coſt in Oxford-ſtreet.

But of all the *puffers* who *puff* away in this *puffing* city, thoſe ingenious gentlemen who preſide over the ſummer amuſements eminently excel: one produces a pantomimical repreſentation of a ſolar temple which can boaſt "the climax of brilliancy;" a ſecond raiſes an apparition by moonlight as natural as life; and a third introduces Chaos ſhaking hands with Phaëton. Theſe phenomena are, indeed, very wonderful, but it is a thouſand pities they are not uſeful: As thoſe Genii have adopted the *ſplendidè mendax* of Horace, they might as well have conſidered the *utile dulci* too. I requeſt, Mr. Editor, you will ponder on the ſad effects of thoſe inflammatory puffs which I have mentioned, and, when you have leiſure, reprobate thoſe infernal advertiſements, which, at firſt view, ſo dreadfully diſturb the repoſe of many unſuſpecting, quiet people, and more eſpecially diſconcert the nerves of,

SIR,

Your affrighted humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY PLAIN.

London.

CURIOUS PROCLAMATION.

"WHEREAS a multiplicity of dangers have often occurred by damage of outrageous accidents by fire: We, whoſe names are here underwritten, have thought proper that the neceſſity of an engine ought by us, for the better extinguiſhing of which aforeſaid *outrageous accidents of Almighty God*, may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather alms and benevolence for the better propagating of which good inſtrument.

"NUTTING, Mayor."

This was iſſued ſome years ago by a Mayor of Cambridge, in conſequence of the frequency of fires, and no engine being in the town.

Anſwer, by G. England, of Uplyme, to C. Heath's Rebus, inſerted October 14, 1799.

NEAR where Veſuvius' flaming lava flies,
Lo! once fam'd POMPEII, now a chaos lies.
There ſterling grandeur in full ſplendour ſhone,
And elegance erected there her throne;
But by Heaven's irrevocable command,
All ſunk a prey to ſell deſtruction's hand.

Anſwer, by Philom. of Teingmouth, to W. Harris's Rebus, inſerted July 14.

AMONG the Britiſh heroes of the age
Brave Admiral KINGSMILL's name doth grace the page.]

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, and R. Thomas, of Exeter; Serjeant Whittle, and W. Burt, of Upway; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Ball, jun. of Taunton; Curious; and R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge.

ANAGRAMMATICAL REBUS, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

SAGACIOUS youths! whoſe works adorn
Fam'd Entertainia's page,

A King of Iſrael firſt define
Whoſe works proclaim'd him ſage.

Come you who woo the ſportſman's joys,
A hunter's name declare,
Chang'd to a river for an attempt
On fam'd Diana fair.

A King of Troy you muſt explain,
He was by Hercules ſlain;
For he deny'd the lovely nymph
That he much wiſh'd to gain.

The ſon of Tartarus reveal,
A giant large and hale;
And if old chronicles are true,
He ſtrove the heav'ns to ſcale.

The ſon of Gordius laſt diſplay,
A King of Phrygia bold;
Who had the power to change whate'er
He pleas'd to touch to gold.

Seleft the initials from the ſame,
Join them in order true,
A town in North America
Will then be brought to view.

And if you will invert its name
A General 'twill define,
Whoſe victories proclaim his fame,
For brilliantly they ſhine.

Now from the ſame a letter take,
Tranſpoſe it you will find,
Without a doubt what he oft makes,
And ſo does all mankind.

Again if you tranſpoſe the ſame,
With judgment and with care,
And what he is it then will name,
And to your view appear.

And now, ye gents. to cloſe the theme,
Tranſpoſe it you will ſee,
What 'tis I hope that you nor him,
May ne'er be known to be.

POETRY.

MORNING REFLECTIONS.

WHEN morning's firſt reviving breath I feel,
And ſee her-light adorn the dewy blade,
Her gold hair ſtreaming on ſome duſky cloud,
How my heart opens, like that faithful flow'r
Which ſpreads her boſom only to the ſun:
Cheer'd with refreſhing ſleep and viſions pure,
Then ſprings the ſoul, unclogg'd by ſickly ſenſe,
And wafts devotion's ardent pray'rs to Heav'n.
Oh Thou! the never failing ſource of life!
Who, when inactive ſleep has wrapp'd each ſenſe
In welcome gloom, doſt ſtretch thy mighty wing
O'er all thy creatures, and renew the bloom
Fatigue had baniſh'd from the youthful cheek,
Bathing the weary heart with vital balm,
Receive my thanks, (an off'ring poor but warm)
For thy protection and continued health:
Nor yet deſert me, Lord! my waking ſteps
Are cloſe on danger; Thou alone art day!
To Thee, the Sun which feeds my active ſoul,
Oh let me lift my hopes, and all is light.
Thro' poverty's thick gloom and ſorrow's ſhade,
Thro' the deep darkneſs of the grave and death,
Thy conſtant glory ſhines, pervading all,
And lights thy children home, who faithful keep
That eallern ſtar of happineſs in view.

How ſwells my boſom, while I turn my eyes
On yon vaſt plains with plenteous harveſt crown'd,
And rich with good pour'd from thy lib'ral hand:
Yon lofty hills, with wood or verdure ſpread,
Their ſummits, like ſome warlike vet'ran ſcarr'd,
Riſe on my view, and elevate my ſoul.
Would that my lips were touch'd with heav'nly fire,
T' exalt my humble praiſe and heart-felt love!
Yet thou, my God! that incenſe wilt accept,
With tenderneſs divine, as if it roſe
From the rich altar of a nation's praiſe.

What ſongs are theſe which mingle with my pray'rs,
And pour the ſoul of muſic on the breeze?
'Tis nature's ſweet muſicians, Heav'n-taught band,
Who ſing to God, and put proud man to ſhame.
They take his daily bounty, pure and plain,
And chearful render all they have to give,
Unwearied gratitude, in ceaſeleſs ſongs:
On our unthankful heads thick bleſſings fall;
Creation's beauteous face for us is ſpread
With fragrant roſes, and her hands are full
Of nameleſs luxuries; the human mind
Commands enjoyments they can never know;

Yet

Yet man, inſenſible, forgets his debt!
Impiety denies it; and the gay,
Who taſte the ſpring, but ſeldom bleſs the ſource!
For man the vineyard, ſtream of ſocial joy,
Bears the delicious grape, whoſe precious juice
Chears the worn eye, and lights the ſinking heart.
Ungrateful wretch! he poiſons all its ſweets,
Quaffs the rich draught, with wild, intemp'rate haſte,
And ſtrains the chords of pleaſure till they break.

Oh fertile England! did thy people's hearts
Teem but with good, as doth thy fruitful ſoil,
Our fall from paradiſe might be forgot!

H. WALKER.

FAREWELL *to* SUMMER.

FAREWELL to ſummer's fruitful reign,
Its pleaſing beauties are all fled;
Zephyrs no more ſport o'er the plain,
Nor wanton on the turfy bed.
Farewell, ye flowers, whoſe varied bloom
Did once delight the roving eye;
Whoſe fragrance did the air perfume,
Ye, now unheeded, wither'd lie.

Farewell, ye fields, where golden grain
Repaid the ſturdy ploughman's care;
Farewell, ye groves, where each fond ſwain,
With pleaſure leads the blooming fair.
In verdure ye no more appear,
With plenty ye no longer wave;
No more, ye groves, your foliage bear,
Nor nature's ſmiling liv'ry have.

Ye ſongſters of the wood, adieu,
No more your cheerful notes we hear;
Farewell the walk, the pleaſing view,
Your beauties now no more appear;
But whiſtling winds drive o'er the heath,
And ſcatter devaſtation rude,
And Boreas, with his freezing breath,
Aſſerts his pow'r on ev'ry ſide.

POOR MARY.

AS I wander at midnight in diſtreſs o'er the wild,
My boſom expos'd to the wind,
The tears dew my cheeks, for I'm poverty's child,
And fortune, alas! is unkind.

The winter's chill blaſt I am doom'd to endure,
As friendleſs, unſhelter'd I roam;
Nor e'en from the ſnow-ſtorm is Mary ſecure,
For Mary's bereft of her home.

Then bleſt be the tear kind pity may ſtart,
Or ſympathy bid to proceed;
Uncheck'd let it flow, for it flows from the heart
Where mercy ſhould reign, 'tis decreed.